.

Little Things by Which Fugitives Betray Themselve's-Methods of Banker and Burglar ti te Same-As Many Refugees From Am erica in Canada as Ever.

TORONTO, Ju ne 20 .- In spite of extradition treaties Cas ada continues to be a place of refuge for At nericans who in one way or another have come into collision with the law. Toronto has always been the centre of this foreign golony from the States, and, curiously enough, fate has decreed that a man of the san ie nationality as the fugitives should be commissioned by Canada

to handle them. Col. John W. Murray, a New York city product, has for twenty-eight years been chief of the Criminal Investigation Department for the Onturio Government. During his long career he has visited every part of the civilized world in pursuit of crooks, and knows more celebrated fugitives than any other man in Canada. .

What is it that leads the men to betray themselws?" said Mr. Murray to-day, when asked what had enabled him to succeed to arresting fugitives from justice who he deought refuge here. "I cannot say Perhaps it is the knowledge they possess that goes with every guilty conscience, that they are being sought, together with the fear, forever with them, if they evade justice a generation, of possible arrest. In my twenty-eight years of experience, I suppose I have met every temperament and condition of the criminal world in this peculiar field--men of great learning and culture, men of the highest attainments, and others of the world of crime, of the product of the slums. But their methods are almost invariably the same, and intelligent men who have wrecked banks by unfortunate speculation, and the thug and burglar who have wrecked the same inetitutions at night with dynamite, in the hope of looting the strongbox, seem to reach about the same conclusions, though from a widely different process of reasoning. They resort to the same tricks to evade the sleuth, and, while one seeks the best resident portion of the city and the other the slum, there is a sameness about their life from the time they become fugitives from justice that betrays them imme-

diately to the trained detective. These men change their names, their physical appearance and their clothes, but they don't seem to be capable of changing their habits, and by these they are inevitably recognized. The habits acquired by a lifetime of exertion in a particular field may not be put off, I have discovered, merely because one wills it.

*These descriptions, especially of the small things in the way of habits, are carefully noted in the circulars sent out by the police departments of the American cities, and they lead to the detection of the fugitive when the color of his hair, eyes physica! proportions and the other marks commonly supposed to identify him fail For instance, I recall a Cincinnati bank clerk whom we found because of his in-

satiable appetite for toothpicks. "He chewed them constantly. He disguised himself carefully, wore blue goggles and a wig, but he could not give up the

toothpicks. "Another St. Louis fugitive, a man of prominence in his State, we located at the racetrack. The circular describing him concluded with a brief reference to the fact that he invariably attended the races. I found him in a private box scanning the field for a horse he was backing.

"A Milwaukee embezzler was described as a very devout man at home, though it was added that this was perhaps a blind, and he could not resort to it longer, since was a fugitive from justice, but believe a man could drop this habit, even though it had been assumed in the first place merely to disguise his real nature.

"Good habits, like bad ones, are equally tenacious, They can't be dropped in a moment, and so we found this fugitive a member of a little suburban church, and a teacher in the Sunday school.

Will these fugitives fight? No. absolutely no. In my many years' dealing with this class of criminals, I never knew but two or three to resist when approached

by an officer. I attribute this common impulse to submit quietly to the fact that they are in a foreign country, unaccustomed to the ways of the people and realizing that resistance will make a bad matter worse. A man who, at home, would fight to the death, in a foreign country submits to arrest as meekly as a child.

"Perhaps they have been so long expecting grest, living in perpetual fear of the nevitable, that they are relieved when the suspense is over. I have had more than one fugitive who had evaded justice for many years assert this relief. In fact, so generally have I found fugitives to be harmless when in a foreign country that I discarded the habit of carrying a revolver in pursuing this class of wanted men.

But they want a lawyer. That is usu ally the first thing they seek, and they make a bitter fight, as a rule. Their stolen property, if they have any left, is spent lavishly for this purpose.

"The authorities of the States and Canada work together very close, and exchange information constantly. In many cases we find a fugitive who cannot be extradited, and he knows it. The fact is noted and in time he gets careless.

"He can't resist the desire to creep over the line occasionally, and then we quietly notify the American officers, and arrests follow. They all get homesick sooner or

Man hunters know how much easier is is for a fugitive to evade them in a big city than in the wilds of a new country The forest and plain afford no such security as congested humanity. In my experience is this class of business, I have seen that illustrated dozens of times. It is the perverseness of fate which points the finger of suspicion at the restless fugitive, though he may have exercised all the discretion

of the cunning criminal. "He penetrates the unsettled region, has few neighbors and never mentions his former associates and home. His very secretiveness provokes suspicion. The goestp of the neighborhood relates that so-and-so receives no mail. The wiseacres shake their heads and wag their tongues.

"Then some evil day one of the busy bodies writes the nearest constable of mysterious man in that vicinity. The officer consults his circulars for wanted men, and concludes to take a look at the strange man. Then he discovers some old criminal who is wanted on grave charges or some broken-down bank cashier who had fled from his crime so long ago that he had begun to feel quite secure in his new home. Many Americans have gone back to the States under these very circumstances. The later became Congressman, United States District Judge, and, finally, Secretary of War under Hayes. He was associated in the practice of law with Judge Samuel F. Miller of Keckuk, who transacted so much business and lad such intimate relations in Keosauqua that the town looks on much judges are not offered as of those for whom large sums are paid for detecting. I believe the professional instinct is as strong

in the average officer as in an artist, a mechanic or a physician.

"I have followed men half around the world and seen them behind the bars when I personally had a strong regard for the prisoner's family and every inducement to permit him to escape. A professional crook robs more for the sake of robbing. I conceive, than for the booty he secures. So an officer is urged on not by hope of reward, but by professional instinct.

"I believe as many fugitives are coming to Canada from the States as ever. This is partly due to the increasing population on both sides of the line. While many of the graver crimes are covered by the

of the graver crimes are covered by the extradition treaty, there are a host of serious ases that we don't seem to have been able

cases that we don't seem to have been able to get together on."

Toronto bids fair to be deprived of its record for harboring fugitives since the Northwest Territories opened up so promisingly. In the past an American whose enforced vacation carried him into Canada naturally sought Toronto as the most congenial part of the Dominion.

Here he found thousands of Americans and a people differing in no way from those he was acquainted with in the States. Thus it was no difficult matter to enter business and find companions.

In Montreal it was different, because of the French population. A person un-

the French population. A person unfamiliar with French was easily observed, and the fugitive attached more importance to this phase really than it deserved. Other cities more remote proved less satisfactory as a residence, and Toronto naturally became the select location of this class of new citizens. Now this class finds the new West—the golden West—more congenial.

Still there are lots of American refugees in Toronto today. Almost daily American

in Toronto to-day. Almost daily American detectives visit this city in pursuit of fugitives. It is nothing unusual to observe strangers strolling around Toronto, accompanied by the city or Provincial detectives. They are officers from the States looking for men who have fled from

their section.

The hotels, the places of amusement and the shady side of the fashionable promenades are always examined by these searching parties. Even a bank robber, embezzler or murderer is like other people, and cannot ignore the impulse to enjoy a little of the good things of life in his new

A few months ago a quiet-appearing man was strolling down Yonge street, the leading thoroughfare of Toronto, accompanied by City Detective Cuddy. The panied by city Detective Cuddy. The couple were apparently out for a good time. They kept in the fashionable throng, however, and scanned young men closely. Suddenly the stranger gave a nod, and Detective Cuddy placed his hand on the shoulder of a fashionably attired young man and whispered into his ear. Then the trie quietly welked to the police station. the trio quietly walked to the police station The afternoon newspapers announced that a Pittsburg detective had that day caught the young son of a Pittsburg millionaire, who was wanted for an illegal financial

transaction, and it was true.

This is the way it is done over here, and so many times have these little incidents occurred that slight comment is occasioned by the success of the man hunters on the streets of Toronto. The passing throng scarcely observes the man who has lost in the game of life.

When Folk first began to scatter the St.

Louis boodlers and Minneapolis was routing the Ames gang, Toronto was visited weekly by officers from those two cities. Had some of the St. Louis boodlers but Had some of the St. Louis boodlers but realized that they were safe here from extradition from the charge of bribery, more would have become subjects of King Edward than did, for it is no secret that several did visit Toronto—and some of them are here yet and under police surveillance.

THE "KEOSAUQUA COLONY."

A Little lowa Town's Big Record of Sons Who Have Become Conspicuous. SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 20 .- The retirement

of Judge H. C. Caldwell from the bench of the United States Circuit Court marks the withdrawal from public life of one of the last of the "Keosaugua Colony," famous at least in the West. The little wayback town of Keosauqua,

Ia., which had at its last census scarcely 1.300 people, has furnished to the United States two United States District Judges. one United States Circuit Judge, one United States Supreme Court Justice, three United States Senators, two members of Congress, one nominee for Governor, three millionres, two of them having colossal fortunes one Attorney-General of Iowa, one Secretary of State for Iowa, and one member of the Presidential Cabinet.

Among these men are Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, the late A. G. Davis of Montana, Judge Caldwell, United States Senator George C. Wright, United States Senator J. B. Howell, Judge George W. McCrary, Secretary of War under Hayes, and John F. Dillon, the New York lawyer

counsel for Gould interests. There is no other town in Iowa, whatever its size, that has produced half as many prominent men as Keosauqua, and it is certain that no town so small anvwhere in the United States can approach

Keosaugua's record. "How did it happen?" repeated C. L. Wright of this city, son of Senator Wright.
"I don't know and I have never found any one who could explain it. One of the remarkable phases of it is that these men came from all parts of the East. They just chanced to land at Keosaugua."

It is certain that Keosauqua possessed no special attractions. The men who befamous trudged overland to it or rode horseback that they might find the place. Later the line of travel passed up and down the Des Moines River, and as Keosauqua was but a short distance above Keokuk, it was natural that settlers should make their way there.

make their way there.

George Wright at an early day left his Indiana brother Joseph, who later became Governor of Indiana and Minister to Berlin under Lincoln, and went to St. Louis. At St. Louis he bought a horse and rode up the Mississippi till he came to the Des Moines, when he turned to the northwest and followed its shores.

He came to a settlement of a hundred straggling houses, clinging to a high bank

He came to a settlement of a hundred straggling houses, clinging to a high bank and skirted by a graceful bend of the river. It was a likely spot and he stayed there.

Here he found Joseph C. Knapp, just beginning as a lawyer, and they concluded to become partners. Henry Clay Caldwell came to Iowa when about 15. He went to Keosauqua with his parents. He had ambitions to be a lawyer and Wright & Knapp gave him the chance.

Caldwell became Major of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, and when he came back from the war he settled at Little Rock, Ark. There he was appointed United States District Judge and was promoted later to the Circuit bench. In the meantime, Wright had been elected to the State Supreme bench, where he served till 1873, when he was sent to the United States Senate for two terms, declining reflection,

Senate for two terms, declining reflection, knapp was twice nominated for Governor and once for Supreme Court Judge, but majorities were against him, and he practised in Keosauqua till his death, twelve years ago.
In the meantime, a red-headed boy was

In the meantime, a red-headed boy was playing in the streets of Bentonsport, a tiny town a few miles below Keceauqua. Occasionally his father would take him to Keceauqua to see the sights. That lad was William A. Clark, now of Montana. A. G. Davis, the Montana millionaire, whose name became famous by the contest over his estate, was a Keceauquan in early days, as was Edwin Manning, who became a millionaire and the richest man in Iowa in his prime. He made it by banking and buying land. buying land.

A boy who was born and grew to early

CTUMPY VIOLATES POKER ETIQUETTE.

The Gambler's Return to Brownsville and His Speedy Departure Therefrom.

The fate of the one-eyed man had not peen forgotten in Brownsville, but the lapse of time since his taking off had been sufficient to allay the excitement which it had occasioned.

This excitement, it may be said, was not the result of any fervent esteem which the one-eyed man might have enjoyed among his fellow citizens if he had been a person of more congenial temperament han he was. As a matter of fact, he had various traits of character which had disinctly failed to commend him to the hearty liking of the community, and while he lived here were not a few citizens who counted nim among the least desirable of their number.

Brownsville, however, was not habituated to homicide. Fights there were in Browns-ville not infrequently, and a good shindy was commonly reckoned among the pleas-urable variations to the monotony that characterized life in the little river town for something like three hundred and sixty

or something like three numbed and sixty days in the year.

Such fights, however, were usually carried to a more or less satisfactory conclusion without loss of life, and the sudden demise of the one-eyed man had aroused some horror, as well as a strong feeling of antipathy for the man who shot him. This feeling was also tempered by the luke-

antipathy for the man who shot him. This feeling was also tempered by the luke-warmness of the sentiment of the community toward the one-eyed man, but the prevailing opinion was that Wharton had gone a little too far in shooting.

There was no disputing the fact, however, that it was a fair fight, and that the one-eyed man had brought it on himself, so there had been no attempt made to put Wharton on trial for the killing. He had gone away from Brownsville, and the gone away from Brownsville, and the general satisfaction at that had, of itself, tempered the hostility he had provoked, which hostility was indeed no very power-

ful sentiment.

When the Creole Belle, however, tied up at the Brownsville landing, just at the months. at the Brownsville landing, just at the edge of a summer evening, some months after the shooting, and Mr. Wharton stepped ashore, he failed to receive any enthusiastic welcome. Strangers who came ashore at Brownsville were rot so numerous as to allow of his escaping recog-nition, and most of those whom he greeted on his way from the landing to the bar-room responded with a cool "Howdy," but no one proffered a handshake, and none gave him spontaneous greeting.

It was not observed, however, that any f those in the barroom made any strenuc

effort to avoid his invitation to partake of such refreshment as Sam had in readi-ness. It was therefore to be fairly inness. It was therefore to be fairly inferred that time had also tempered the hostility that Mr. Wharton's violent action had originally evoked.

Perhaps no clearer statement of the actual condition of public sentiment could be made than that which Stumpy put in words, speaking to Gallagher, as they returned to their work on the landing after they had followed the crowd into the barroom.

"I do be thinkin' this here Wharton 'ud be betther loiked," he said, "av he'd shtop some place where they knowed less about him. Av he shtays here, belike there'll

be doin's."
"Maybe," said Gallagher," but I reckon there's them here that'll kape him from too much killin', an' the most o' the houses is nailed down." Shure, it's not the likes o' that I'm

thinkin'. Tain't likely he'll steal the town nor yet the river," returned Stumpy, somewhat nettled at the other's indifference but he's not the koind o' man I loike to "Shure, he's a gambler, an' he's too al-

mighty free with his gun, I'm thinkin'. He'll carry away the money that belongs in the town, an' av there's anny row—an' belike there will be if Long Mike sits in wid him, it's not fightin' wid fists we'll see, but a shortin' scene to a shootin' scrape.
"Sure, I don't mind a bit o' a shindy, or

a sociable game o' dhraw poker, but thim kind is the wrong cattle to play wid." "We'll see," said Gallagher, shortly, as ne turned to his work.

self, though a most unlucky one, and the notion of playing with a professional had no terrors for him. Moreover, the scent of a battle, even afar, was sweeter to him than new-mown hay. Stumpy, however, than new-mown hay. Stumpy, however, though by no means averse to excitement of any kind, was more conservative and had his forebodings.

Later in the evening, after the Creole Belle had discharged her freight and taken on that which was waiting for her and had gone on down the Mississippi, leaving Mr. Wharton still in the barroom,

t appeared altogether probable that some, it least, of these forebodings would be

justified.
Sam had been kept tolerably busy in the meantime, Mr. Wharton having realized what was expected of him as a stranger, and being evidently disposed to fulfil his obligations. Possibly in consequence of this the crowd around him, when Brownsville resumed its normal inactivity after the departure of the boat, was conversationally disposed.

tionally disposed.

Not less than four persons were talking at once most of the time, and though Mr. Wharton did comparatively little talking and did not appear to have taken enough red liquor to affect his nerves in the least, t was noticeable that he was doing all he could to promote the general hilarity.

There could hardly be a doubt of his object. At all events, Stumpy entertained none, and though he did his duty conscientiously in seeing that none of Sam's liquors should go beginn as becomes a

scientiously in seeing that none of Sam's liquors should go begging, as became one who was conversant with Brownsville's customs, he yet maintained a constant watchfulness, as one who feared the worst. When, presently, he heard Wharton propose a game of cards, he muttered:
"I knew it. Now for a battle, murder
an' sudden death, I don't know. Av
Long Mike sits in, an' the saints above

cudn't kape him out, there'll be doin's. Sure it's me for to shtand by." Stand by, accordingly, he did. Wharton's

Stand by, accordingly, he did. Wharton's proposal was seconded and adopted with alacrity, and Long Mike and Gallagher took their seats at the table eagerly. Hennessy also declared his willingness to buy chips, and the fifth hand was taken by a man named Cutler, who had been in town for some weeks, and was, therefore, known to them all excepting Wharton, but had failed to arouse any feeling of liking or respect among the citizens.

Just why he was there he did not explain, nor did any demand an explanation; but it seemed so utterly unreasonable for a stranger to remain in Brownsville indefinitely that he was already an object

a stranger to remain in Brownsville indefinitely that he was already an object
of suspicion. He flashed his money with
the others, however, and no one made
objection to his playing.

The game was for table stakes, and as each player bought a hundred to start, no one else in the room felt rich enough to take a hand. They all stood around looking on, however, so Stumpy attracted no attention when he took his stand directly behind Wharton's chair, getting as close to it as he conveniently could

as close to it as he conveniently could without touching it. It so happened, moreover, that Cutler sat nearly opposite to him, being the third man to Wharton's o him, being the third man to For a considerable time the play was uneventful, and the luck appeared to run as evenly as was to be expected. Even Gallagher did not lose as rapidly as usual, and Long Mike's proverbial good luck failed to appear

failed to appear.

In less than half an hour, however, the In less than half an hour, however, the big hands began to appear, and the play became strenuous enough to put an end to general conversation. Nothing was heard but the few stock phrases which ordinarily announce the play at poker, and not only the players, but the onlookers, became more and more excited.

A full hand that Gallagher caught pat on Long Mike's deal gave him the opportunity to open a jackspot under the guns, which he did for five dollars, there being that amount in the pot. Cutler came in.

that amount in the pot. Cutler came in, and so did Hennessy, whereupon Wharton raised it ten dollars.

Long Mike skinned his cards down, and

finding three sevens, concluded they were worth playing, so he saw the raise and Gallagher promptly came back with ten more. Cutter hesitated a little but saw the double raise, and Hennessy dropped

the double raise, and Hennessy dropped out.

Wharton studied a bit, but finally made it ten more to play, and Long Mike shoved his money forward with a dogged air, as if he knew, as he did, that he was overplaying his hand, but was determined not to be driven out.

Gallagher still had some fifty dollars in front of him, and he pushed that forward eagerly, whereupon Cutler dropped, and Wharton simply made good. Then Long Mike made a few remarks.

They were profane rather than pertinent being of the nature of a reflection on his own discretion in playing further, but his characteristic dislike to being driven out made him put up his money, and he asked the others what they wanted in the draw. Neither of them took cards, so, with considerable more bad language, Long Mike took two for himself.

"I'm all in," said Gallagher, and Wharton threw in a white chip carelessly, with the evident thought that Long Mike had no show and would not see any considerable bet.

To his surprise and disgust, however.

bet.

To his surprise and disgust, however, Long Mike not only saw his aide bet, but shoved his whole pile forward. It was clear that he had made fours, or a full, or was bluffing outrageously, but as Wharton himself had four fives, he felt compelled

to call.

Gallagher had struck his usual luck, and Long Mike had found his, for his last card was the fourth seven. It put Gallagher out of the game, for he had only \$20 more in his pocket, and they refused to let him buy in again for so little. Wharton, however, took another hundred, having only a few chips left.

took another hundred, naving only a level chips left.

The next two deals were uneventful, but when Wharton took the cards, there being a jack pot on, Long Mike opened it. The other two stayed, and again Wharton raised. No one came back at him but they all stayed, and on the draw they took two ards apiece. It looked like three of a kind

cards apiece.
all 'round.

Long Mike bet a chip. Cutler and Hennessy trailed and Wharton raised. Long Mike stayed and Cutler raised back.

Happears who had been playing cau-Hennessy, who had been playing cau-tiously from the beginning, threw down his cards, and Wharton raised again. Still Long Mike stayed, and Cutler raised once

Long Mike stayed, and Cutler raised once more.

Once more Wharton went back at him, and though no single raise had been more than five dollars, Long Mike seemed suddenly suspicious. He looked from one to the other keenly, and then studied his hand carefully. Suddenly he pushed fifty dollars forward, and it was up to Cutler.

That worthy hesitated and looked at Wharton. Whether it was a look of inquiry is doubtful, but Stumpy chose to consider it so, and he violated all poker etiquette unhesitatingly.

"Why don't ye play yer own hand, ye omadhoun," he demanded, flercely, "an' not be lookin' at yer pal for insthructions?"

The uproar came on the instant. The players all sprang to their feet, upsetting the table, and Wharton and Cutler both reached for their guns. Hennessy, however, grabbed Cutler and Stumpy selzed Wharton's wrist in a grip of iron.

"Ye'll not shoot," he said. "Ye've kilt wan man in Brownsville already an' that's enough. We foight different here. Av ye feel yerself aggrievd, Oi'll front ye, man to man, but there'll be no gun in yer hand. Sure I saw yez passin' signals to yer pal, so

to man, but there'll be no gun in yer hand. Sure I saw yez passin' signals to yer pal, so I'm thinkin' ye'll play no more poker here,

aythe. The hubbub was indescribable, but when The hubbub was indescribable, but when it became possible to distinguish voices it appeared that popular sentiment was on Stumpy's side. Wharton and Cutler refused to fight with nature's weapons and since they were not allowed possession of their pistols again they retired in as good order as possible to the landing place, where another boat was just coming in.

After they had gone up the river together After they had gone up the river to Stumpy said confidentially to his Peter:

"Sure, I saw nothin' out o' way Peter, sure, I saw nothin out o way, Peter, but ye'll not mention that same. Thim gamblers is pizen, an' the quickest way o' gettin' rid o' thim was the best."

And Peter barked loudly and wagged the remains of his tail.

UNION LABELLED CLOTHES. An Angry Set of Customers Kicking Against

Them in the West-Doesn't Go Here. A demand of the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America, which has a strong is that the union label be attached to all finished garments sent out. This rule is imperative and applies to work of merchant tailors who charge from \$65 to \$100 or more

tailors who charge from \$65 to \$100 or more for a suit as well as the firms who deal in cheap ready-made clothing. The practice is resented by many of the patrons of the high-class tailors.

"A wealthy man came into my shop the other day," said a well-known uptown tailor who was in attendance at the Merchant Tailors' Protective Association meeting here a few days ago. "He was in a fine temper and began peeling off his coat as soon as he got into the shop. 'Look here,' he said, 'I want you to rip this thing off my coat in short order. I am not opposed to unions, but I'll be hanged if I'll be conscripted into carrying the union banner whether I want to or not. I live in Toledo, Ohio, and this coat was made for me out there and sent on to me here with this big splutter of a union label sewed on the lining. I suppose my tailor could not help himself and had to put it in. None the less I don't propose to be labelled."

labelled."

M. H. McCarthy, a Chicago tailor who was present at the association's meeting, said that his customers resented the union label so much that he had to get a special dispensation from the union so that he need not have it on the garments of people who are enposed to it.

are opposed to it.

In New York the Journeymen Tailors
Union of America has but little foothold
The unions here are local in character
They do not demand the union label and They do not demand the union label and merchant tailors here say that it would be no use to do so in the Eastern cities, because people who patronize the better-class tailor shops will not have the union label on their clothes, and no merchant tailor would be able to force it on them, even if he wars disposed to do so. even if he were disposed to do so

LOST PRIVILEGES OF STARS. The Manager is the Master Now-It Wasn' Se Even Ten Years Ago.

Stars of the new school do not attempt to deceive even themselves as to the difference between their rights and privileges now and those of a star fifteen years ago o oven ten years ago.

The position of the star was very different then The star does not know nowadays in what play he is to act until the manager gives it to him in the fall. He may have a part not in the least suited to him, but he cannot help that in case the manager has

decreed that he must act it.

John Drew, Maude Adams, Annie Russell and some other actors who have really earned the right to be called stars are abl to say little or nothing about the rôles in which they are to appear. Of course, the younger stars would not dare to raise an objection. They must do as the manager says.

Then there are very few stars nowadays

who can give out seats and boxes to any extent. In the old days the star could present half the house to his friends if he wanted, to because he was the whole thing. But nowadays the average star has to ask his manager for seats and doesn't always get them.

Nor do the young stars of the day have the right to bring friends into the day have the right to bring friends into the dressing room as those of the old times could. The younger brood must follow the rules of the theatre just like the other actors. Thus

have the privileges of the star been cur-tailed.

These differences do not, of course, exist in the case of actors like Nat Goodwin, Richard Mansfield and a few others who are just as much stars as anyof their preddecessors. There could be no more complete masters of their own doings than these actors. But they have very little in common with the youngsters who find themselves made stars were after year themselves made stars year after year merely in response to the demand for at-tractive or interesting personalities at the head of companies.

THE STORY OF A GREEN BOTTLE

AN OLD CRINESE PRODUCTION THAT HAS CHARMED MEN.

Journey From London, Passing From Hand to Hand With Increasing Appreclation, to a New Home Where It Now Draws the True Wershippers.

There is an old green bottle in New York, and there are many men who love it. It is empty, but what a mockery to say so. For it is filled with associations which ennance its beauty and its value beyond the worth that any material contents could give to it.

It is a bit of Chinese clay, fired by a Celestial potter, and glazed in a color that has been potent with mankind since the infancy of the race. The investigators declare green to have had a peculiar charm for primitive people, and they learn that among the cultivated in asthetics its attraction is as great to-day.

This green bottle from the Flowery Kingdom came to New York from London, where some years ago, before Chinese ceramics had the great number of admirers they have to-day, it attracted the attention of a member of New York's most conspicuous jewelry house. It was without pedigree; the New Yorker bought it for its color, which was not exactly like any other green he had ever seen.

But let the story come from an enthusiast, who, parting from the bottle once, loves it now better than ever, an art lover and collector known to every collector in the city, who bought the vase from the jew-

eller:
"When I saw the vase I succumbed," he said. "I was just making a collection of Chinese single-color porcelains, and to possess that strange, charmful piece of green, with its graceful shape, fairly thrilled me. I never knew before then that I could fall in love with a bottle. I became the happy possessor of it for little more than \$150 and was proud of it for

several years. "Then I wandered among pictures in my collecting, and when a friend from Boston, a lawyer, fell a victim to the green bottle's charms I finally let him have it, with some pangs, but for the substantial earnest of his true appreciation of it, expressed in

the sum of \$450. "In the course of time it passed to the collection of the greatest collector of Chinese porcelains New York has known, and there t began to be appreciated at its true value. He caressed it, smoothed its rounded surface with his hand whenever he took it up, as he would the tenderest cheek of beauty and when his friends and the admirers of porcelain came on pilgrimages to visit ityes, to visit the vase-he never handed it to them without first softly enfolding the treasure in his hands as a mother wraps the dearest child to her bosom.

"'I know what you want, I know what you have come up for to-day,' he would say sometimes in greeting to the visitors who tried to make him believe that they had dropped in for a social chat, 'That green bottle, eh? Well, when we have attained the proper frame of mind we'll approach

"And presently, with eyes brilliant with brimming appreciation of his singular treasure, hewould produce it, holding it with the utmost delicacy of admiration. No one could duplicate that particular bottle In that was one of its rare charms to the

true collector. "When this distinguished man passed on from the world which he had found so beautiful and had made contribute to him, in his home, of its natural beauties and of the art productions of many peoples, the choice green bottle was viewed with envious and covetous eyes by many a collector. Each wondered how to get it, and when the collection came on exhibition, was the queerest manœuvring to secure the first look at the green gem, a first private look, so that one might fortify himself by this new, rekindling glance, and nerve nimself to bid to the height of his admira-

tion when the bottle came up for sale. "It reminded me of a certain famous sale from a private house on Fifth avenue many years ago, when all the collectors wanted to be the first to see a particular treasure which the owner was known to have, and the owner had therefore made it a point that nobody should get in to see it alone, and so made an engagement to have all the eager ones meet at a certain hour in his reception room and go upstairs to the gal-

"When the hour arrived every man was there-and you would name them if you named the best-known collectors in town. Each kept an eye on the others to see that no one got too far ahead as the owner led us out through the hall to the elevator. There came the surprise. One who has since been one of the most successful collectors in the United States-and I know the reason why he is now-suddenly ceased to give any heed to the order of precedence. At the door of the elevator he paused and bowed every man of us in, even the host.

Then he stepped in easily. "We were paralyzed at the unusual politeness at such a time and watched him then instead of each other, trying to read his nscrutable countenance. When the elevator stopped we woke up. He was the first man out and he stepped nimbly into the gallery and drew a bee line for the object of our common quest. He has had my most sincere admiration as a man of inesse from that hour.

"Well, at the auction the collectors bid reely upon the green bottle until it went far above \$1,000, and then they began to falter, knowing that it had never sold for anywhere near such a sum. I was a humble bidder myself. One of the richest of trust magnates dropped out of the bidding at \$2,500 and a bachelor merchant took the bottle at close to \$3,000. That

was five years ago.

"To-day the vase is enthroned in the appreciative bachelor's home; and the price he paid for it will probably never buy it again. It dominates his superb collection of Chinese porcelains. It is in the top of a case of single colors and his friends do homage to it, enriched as it is now by the associations which have attached to it in its American career, passing from it in its American career, passing from collector to collector, but especially the as-sociations that cling to it from having been in the possession of the connoisseur been in the possession of the connoisseur who owned it last and lent it value by hand-ling it before all the initiated as an object almost of adoration.

"When I went home after seeing it again.

"When I went home after seeing it again, a few days ago, I sat down and wrote to the present owner thanking him for the opportunity of seeing his collection, but writing of nothing but the exquisite beauty of the green bottle, and he sent me a note of response saying that I could not have complimented him more. This is a bit of an inkling of the way some of New York's leading collectors feel about these children of their fancies, however hard-headed they may be in their yast husiness affairs."

they may be in their vast business affairs. Weather Forecast on Every Letter. From American Medicine.

From American Medicine.

The Mexican Postal Department has taken a new and novel means of informing the public of the weather bulletins given out by the Weather Bureau. Every letter which passes through the office is now stamped with the indications for the next twenty-four hours. This stamping is done at the same time that the postage stamps on the letters are cancelled and the receiving stamp affixed.

HAM BAKER, FARO EXPERT. | TRAGEDIES OF THE YERY POOR "Lucky" Baldwin's Reminiscences of the

Dead Gambler in His Prime Los Angeles, Cal., June 17 .- "I see the newspapers report the death of Hamilton

Los Angeles, Cal., June 17.—"I see the newspapers report the death of Hamilton Baker in New Orleans," said "Lucky" Baldwin as he sat beneath the shade of an orange tree at his Santa Anita ranch the other day. "Thirty years ago, Ham Baker was the greatest faro dealer alive. At one time he had seven of the greatest gambling houses in America bidding for his services at salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$4,500 a month. John Morrissey got him for four summers at the Saratoga Club for \$20,000, and he was required to deal faro only six nights a week, from 9 at night until 1 o'clock in the morning.

"But the time that I knew Ham Baker best was in Virginia City, where for nine months in the year for six years he was dealer in the greatest furo games in the world. I believe his salary was \$150 a night and he had 15 per cent. of the profits of the house. His salary and share of the profits aggregated about \$70,000 a year.

"But he died poor. He was in a railroad wreck in Colorado along in the '90s, and the injuries he received then unfitted him for expert faro dealing by causing creeping paralysis of his right side.

"As I have said, the biggest faro games ever known were in Virginia City between 1869 and 1875. I have known rough men to come down from the gold country with \$50,000 in gold dust and blow it all in at some faro palace inside of two days, then without a murmur borrow a grub stake and fiee away to the mountains, and before a year dig up another fortune in gold.

"The finest gambling house there was that of Gentry & Crittenden. Many a day I have seen Ham Baker handle \$80,000 in gold there between early evening and early morning. Once I saw him dealing in a game where \$175,000 went back and forth across the table in one night. There were two cashiers at the back of the dealer, and I have seen Ham Baker handle \$80,000 in gold the gent half a bushel of twenty-dollar.

across the table in one night. There were two cashiers at the back of the dealer, and I have seen half a bushel of twenty-dollar gold pieces on the cashier's desk lots of

"A bettor did not ask if there was a limit to the game. In October, 1873, a miner named John Bilson, worth a million, came in from Utah. He chatted an hour with Goy. Nye and then sauntered into the fare room.

"Give me a stack of thousand-dollar fish,' said Bilson.
"Certainly, all you want,' replied the suave Ham Baker.

suave Ham Baker.

"One thousand went on the jack and was lost. Bilson lost over \$10,000 without winning a bet. He swore, and got outside of another bottle of champagne.

"Luck changed, and at 1 o'clock in the morning the old miner was \$50,000 ahead of the game. Flushed with victory, he ordered a case of wine for the house. But the genius of faro is fickle. The old man made a tall with a \$1,000 bill and picked up \$5,000. Luck failed him from that moment.

"At break of day the miner, without handing in a dollar, had blown in \$41,000. He was cross as a bear with a sore head, but tried to smile.

"One thousand on the ace,' he said.
"It lost. Old Bilson rose and said slowly, as if each word weighed a pound:
"Baker, I reckon I've had enough fun or this one jamboree,' and after Ardering.

"'Baker, I reckon I've had enough fun for this one jamboree,' and, after ordering a basket of wine for the house, he seated himself at the cashier's ebony desk, and cool as a cucumber drew a check on Mackay's bank for \$42,000. When the wine was opened Ham Baker, in a soft voice, said: "This game is now closed.' "

"I have seen several men bet \$5,000 and \$6,000 on the ace in the faro room at Gentry & Crittenden's, and, without a change of & Crittenden's, and, without a change of expression, sit puffling a cigar until the equally calm dealer turned the card out of the little silver box. I once saw a rich

"The dealer's side partner filled out the check for the winner, while the game went on.
"One evening, along in the summer of 1875, Jim Sharon, a brother of United States Senator William Sharon, was in Gentray & Crittenden's palace. The game was running light, as gamblers say, but was running toward the bank. Flushed with champagne. Jim Sharon edged over to

running toward the bank. Flushed with champagne, Jim Sharon edged over to Ham Baker and said

"'Say, Ham, this is a sickly game, with these hundred-dollar pikers around the board. How much have you got in the till over there?"

"'Oh, about \$36,000,' replied the genial Ham, 'and that's just \$38,000 more than you've got sand to try to win it."

"'Ah! that's your game, Mr. Baker,' exclaimed Jim Sharon, 'I'll just go you my check on the Pacific Bank for 30,000 cold nlunkers!" cold plunkers!

" 'Put up or shut up, Jim.' answered Ham, sententiously, as his steel-gray eyes shone like two white diamonds in a jeweller's "Jim Sharon walked over to the cashier's desk and wrote a check for \$30,000, signed it, and walked back to Ham Baker Up it, and walked back to Ham Baker Up to this moment Baker thought Sharon was fooling. He was mistaken.

"I'll bet this in the pot, the king to win, against your safe and contents, said Sharon.

"It is well,' said Baker, without a smile, pulling out a big safe key from his side pocket and slapping it down hard on top of Sharon's check in the pot. That represents my nerve to-night.

"Everybody stopped playing and the loafers came and crowded about the fare table. The fourth turn and out came

faro table. The fourth turn and out came 'King of clubs wins,' Ham Baker said

in a matter-of-fact manner.

"That's enough,' said Sharon.

"He called for champagne for the crowd, but Baker insisted on being the host.

"I'll be around to try you to-mdrrow,' said Sharon, as he waved his hand toward the milling dealer and disappeared through he smiling dealer and disappeared through the door.
"That's the way they gambled when Ham Baker was in his prime."

ORIGIN OF LAGER BEER. Merit of Keeping It a While Discovered by a Runaway Apprentice

Merit of according it a while Enservered by a Runaway Apprentiee.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Two practical brewers as they conversed the other day had an argument over the invention of lager beer. A third brewer joined them and said:

"Lager beer was not invented. It was discovered—accidentally discovered. Here is the story as my grandfather handed it down to my father:

"A saddler of the German town of Bamberg sent his apprentice one morning in the Middle Ages for a bottle of the beer they used in those days—a vile beer that was drunk as soon as it was brewed. The apprentice bought the bottle, and on the way home with it met a practical jcker. The joker said to him:

"Your boss is looking for you. He says you have spoiled three days work, and he is going to baste you with a cart whip."

"At this news the apprentice was so scered that he buried the beer under a tree and ran off and enlisted in the army. He prospered in the army. In time he became an officer and got the cross of honor. Then he thought he would return to his native town.

"When, with a long furlough, he drewnear the town, he recalled the bottle of beer he had buried and he dismounted from his charger on reaching the well-remembered it to his former master.

"Old man," he said, 'you sent me after a bottle of beer five years ago. Here is the beer now."

"The master embraced him, congratulated him on his success in life and opend the bottle to share with him its contents. Such excellent beer neither had ever tasted before. It was like old wine. The master as soon as he learned that it was burial that had so much benefited it, bought 1,000 obttles of beer, buried them, and five years later sold them at a great profit, for everybody that tasted the new drink loved if.

"In time the secret leaked out. Breweries everywhere came to know that beer, by lying, improved. So they all adopted the lying or 'lager' beer, for 'lager' means 'lving,' as you know.

"In the past centuries they let beer lie longer than we do now. This is a fast age, you know." From the Philadelphia Record.

"In the past centuries they let beer longer than we do now. This is a fast you know."

TOLD, 600 A MONTH, IN A LITTLE ROOM DOWN TOWN.

Some of Those a Legal Aid Society Lawyer Heard in a Day-The Defrauded Guest and the Thrifty Borrower-Her Lost Carpet-They Whom Nobedy Pays.

The seeker after tragedies need not go

so far as Servia to find them. They are here at first hand. But he who has one of the best opportunities for observing unrecognized and common-place tragedies is the lawwer at the desk in a certain crowded little room downtown. He is in the employ of that Legal Aid Society whose object is to furnish not charity but justice to the poor; and his work is to interview the applicants as they present themselves, one after another. before him. It is a tiny room, only large

enough for the lawyer's desk, covered

with papers; the stenographer's table and

typewriter, and the chair for the would-ba elient-a chair, old and battered, but a most fortunate resting place for the oppressed poor. It is a long day for the lawyer and 600 cases a month pass before him. So he is in a position to find out about the tragedies, for the stories told include all varieties. from the all too common wages troubles to swindles of the most highly individualized order. Outside of the commoner cases, each hour brings in some client with an entirely new sort of grievance. Such, the other day, was that of the old lady with curly white hair and neat blue cotton gown. whose "handsome carpet," when returned from the storage house, was so much less in bulk than when it left her that she made haste to get out her tape measure before the men who brought it could leave the house. Whereupon the latter hastily seized the carpet, and amid her unavailing

to do otherwise than finally accept what they might choose to give her. Another unusual case was that of a large lady from across the seas. She had lent her friend, Mrs. Grady, \$250, all the money she had in the world, and had been invited

protests made off with it. She was poor,

and they thought she would be powerless

to live with that lady the rest of her life. "So long as I have a roof over my head, Norah, there'll be a place for you!" Mrs. Grady had said, when she urged her to come. So the elderly Mrs. Norah had been living there for nine months, had done all the housework and much of the sewing, as she would have done in her own hom: and everything was apparently going smoothly when Mrs. Grady suddenly asked her guest to leave, gave her back half of the money she had lent, and said she would keep the set as board money, and as pament for certain articles she had bestowed upon her friend during the nine months.

Mrs. Norah's face flamed with indignation are the produced. Mrs. Norsh's face named with indigna-tion as she produced a battered paper bearing the itemized account of these gifts and their values which the business-fike Mrs. Grady had triumphantly brought forward at the end, in lieu of the money she had borrowed:

My pink waste...
Neck collers...
Black skirt...

equally calm dealer turned the card out of the little silver box. I once saw a rich San Francisco horseman come in, and tiring of piking along with five-hundred-dollar bets on a single card, he nonchalantly tapped on the high card with his pencil, and said:

"'Mr. Baker, I'll just go you on the high card that brick store of mine, on Montgomery street near California. I've the deed here now for \$18,000, whereupon he drew the document from his pocket and laid the deed upon the ace.

"The bank lost The man with the brick house won \$18,000.

"'How will you have your money? said Baker.

"'Check,' laconically answered the lucky gambler.

"The dealer's side partner filled out the check for the winner, while the game went on.

"One evening, along in the summer of 1875, Jim Sharon, a brother of United States of the months of the properties. I have stepped out of a picture of "Alice in Wonderland." She was as stern of aspect as the celebrated Red Queen. But appearances are deceptive. Her story was pitiful yet she showed no vindictiveness at all.

at all. more than two years ago a lady had given her an order to crochet a large bed covering, or counterpane. They decided on the pattern together, and the lady expressed herself as delighted that she could thus get exactly what she wanted outside of Germany. Then the old German house-wife set to work, employing all her leisure time in crocheting this wonderful quilt. She was busy during the day, so she worked at it far into the night; and as it was a most elaborate piece of work, it took a long

elaborate piece of work, it took a long time to complete it.

"Two years, working early and late!" she said. Of course it was incredibly unbusinesslike, and she showed the most sublime and guileless confidence, by working at it so long without seeing her employer again. But she was old and simple, and German. Finally she finished the great masterpiece and took it to the address given—only to find that her lady had moved, no one knew where:

"Then I set out to find her," she said. "with the quilt under my arm. For weeks I was hunting for her, up and own—up and down. Some one would send me to one place and I would go there, and then some one would send me far away to another, and when I got there they would tell me to try somewhere else. And it is long walking in New York and I couldn't spend carfare."

At last her search was successful, but then the climax of her tragedy came. The maid refused to let her in. She sent word that she had brought the beautiful quilt, quite finished, but the mistress returned answer that she did not want to see it, and the old woman must, so away. time to complete it.

answer that she did not want to see it, and answer that she did not want to see it, and the old woman must go away.

Here in her story the client stopped and bit her lips hard. The lawyer, to create a diversion, asked if he could see the quitt, and with trembling hands she untied the string around her newspaper bundle and proudly displayed it.

An odor of moth balls pervaded the room as the work was unfolded; a marvel, indeed, very large, very German, very

room as the work was unfolded; a marver, indeed, very large, very German, very perfectly done—representing in white crecheted work the Father of his Country, the Lady Martha, and two little Custises sitting in a straight line along the middle of the counterpane; heavy, fringe surrounding the whole. The creator surveyed it with melancholy admiration. ing the whole. The creator surveyed it with melancholy admiration.

"And now she won't look at it!" she said, sadly,—"after it's 'all done. What can I do with it? Ach Gott, what can I do with such a handsome thing?" And she clasped her hands and looked despairingly at the lawyer.

lawver.

"What would you take for it?" he asked.

"I don't know that," she answered. "The stuff in it cost me fifteen, whole dollars, and the pattern 75 cents. And then there stwo years' work, but I don't know how much to ask for that. You know, et?"

The lawver took potes and dismissed. much to ask for that. You know, atriThe lawyer took notes and dismissed
her. He would investigate, and if her
story proved correct would do what he
could, though this was a case in which
that could manifestly be little.

It was only one case in hundreds. The
lawyer who hears these tales must not lethimself sympathize too deeply, for if he
did he could not long keep at work before
the paper-covered desk in the crowded
little room.

